

WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XII—NO. 41.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1800.

WHOLE NO. 613.

SCHABRACO.

[CONTINUED.]

"LEONI, who, in an attitude of indelible agony had ran over the infernal scrawl, immediately exclaimed—"Tis him—the diabolical Stephano, who has torn from my heart its sweetest comfort. But I will be revenged;—enthusiastic villain—He has poisoned her mind—He has insinuated (I know it) the pretended impiety of a conjugal life.—Artful monster, the mask shall be torn from an hypocrite so detected!"—It was easy to guess at what my brother's suspicions pointed; and that he dreaded Sabrina was intended for a sacrifice of an illicit nature: but in this sentiment I could not join. His character, his manners, his conversation, all forbade a thought disgraceful to a member of the church; and I employed those hours dedicated to our journey, in favor of Stephano. But when we arrived at Florence, the truth burst upon us from all quarters. Signora Leoni was fled with Durandor. Stephano was absent: he had, previous to her departure, been shut up part of the day with my sister, whose melancholy increased to the most heart-piercing grief, as she hung over her infant before she quitted her husband's hospitable mansion. Irritated almost to madness, and denouncing every punishment against the supposed author of his calamity, the Signor set on foot a strict search of such Convents as most readily occurred to him of a character to admit females without the strictest enquiry into the motives of their seclusion; and this he did from a presumption that Sabrina might be confined there till the fury of Leoni's pursuit might be abated. But he never saw her afterwards;—and, oh, my Rinaldo, what will you feel, when I tell you, that respectable, unhappy gentleman, after three weeks absence upon an expedition, in which he permitted me not to accompany him, was reported to be murdered in a wood, at some distance from Florence. His assassins were taken near the spot; and one of them, I am now confident, was the detestable Schabracco—in other words, Father Stephano. Restrain, my dear nephew, this torrent of grief, and let it be remembered, if it were so, he has at last been overtaken."

"Impious monster!" exclaimed the poor youth. "Oh, that he may survive long enough to endure—"

"Silence, Rinaldo—your rage is impotent, nor can be gratified in that way. Schabracco may yet feel the extent of mortal suffering. Should life be spared, he shall be produced to answer for his enormous crimes in a legal manner. I have now only to add, that, in consequence of the illness I hinted at, the ground of his accusation could never be ascertained to me, nor the event of that accusation; though I have now every reason to think that the Church stirred most effectually into that dark business; and I returned to Leghorn with the precious charge my sister had left, with a determination to adopt him for my own. Not many weeks after my return, Leonora, the comfort and support of my wounded heart, too much attached to the lost Sabrina, and too delicate to bear its consequences, added by her

death a dreadful increase to my miseries. Ah! had we known the nature of a beloved sister's sorrows, distraction must have ensued. But I will now, if my Rinaldo can bear the recital of those sorrows, follow up my melancholy account with her's."

Rinaldo bowed, in sad submission, to the question; while his heart floated in anguish for the fate of his almost unknown parents.

From Count Piozzi's relation they gathered, that Stephano, taking advantage of Sabrina's naturally enthusiastic turn, omitted no opportunity of giving her a disgust to the laudable pleasures of society. Religion was represented as exacting a positive observance of its strictest tenets. Domestic, friendly, and even conjugal duties, were reprobated as sensual; and, for some time, his insinuations failed in their effect. Indeed, he thought proper to relax in some degree, lest her love and obedience to the husband of her choice might lead to a discovery not altogether suitable to his views. Delighted to find the path of duty a path to happiness, Sabrina's cheerfulness became an additional pleasure to those about her; and Stephano, from her confession, found no reason to suppose she would ever name him as an adviser or promoter of a contrary conduct. The birth of Rinaldo seemed to her as the very climax of felicity; but, shocking to say, it proved a stimulus for villany to exercise its horrid talents upon. Gradually, and by the practice of infernal cunning, the Monk again renewed the terrors of Sabrina's mind: her tenderness to her infant was a criminal weakness; her husband, he plainly understood, had rivalled the holy Saint to whom he owed the humblest adoration; the innocent gaiety of an untainted heart he denounced as perfectly incompatible with a religious spirit. In short, such was his power, and so fully did he exert it, that it soon produced the melancholy so much deplored by her friends.

When a mind so effectually becomes a prey to the slavery of superstition, it loses all firmness: a common invention can govern it; the slightest events encrease it! What chance, then, had the unfortunate Sabrina (given up, as she was, to the influence of diabolical art, and without the privilege of claiming the advice of friends) to escape its destructive influence? Stephano saw his advantage, and availed himself accordingly. A Convent was the resource he pointed out as a positive cure for sins like her's. It was true her resolution, if taken publicly, would be combated by a thousand opposers—within—without—relations—acquaintances. All, who knew not, or felt not, the importance of such a vocation, would set their faces against the pious resolution. Sabrina trembled—her salvation was at stake. What was the world—its pleasures—even the purest of its gratifications, when put in competition with her soul's welfare? Sabrina hesitated—shrunk from the comparison; but—Stephano conquered! It was then Durandor's assistance was thought necessary. His lady could not depart alone, and her spiritual father chose not to give his sanction to the step she was to take. Her agonies at quitting the asylum of her virtue may be better imagined than described: but there was no alterna-

tive; and, accompanied by Durandor, she went to a Convent at some little distance from Florence. The civilities of her superiors mitigated, in a trifling degree, her excruciating sorrow; while Stephano, who had privately followed, contrived by his denunciations to silence the pleadings of nature in behalf of her child; but he could not conquer them. Her tears flowed incessantly, nor could she derive any consolation from his assurances that her salvation would now be secure.

The anguish which Signora Leoni could not overcome was a bar to Stephano's intention. The Abbess, who little imagined his motives were otherwise than conducive to the honor of their church, added all her rhetoric to his; and, between both, Sabrina found her fears encreased, and her resolution to quit the world decidedly strengthened: but it was no part of her spiritual director's purpose to let her remain at that Convent. The black design, so artfully covered, must for ever lie concealed while she was under such protection. Revenge for the distance he had been held at by Leoni, the infamous passion he had long indulged for Sabrina, and the gratification of an avaricious disposition, goaded him eventually to his own destruction. There was no time to lose; her abode would soon be traced; yet some delicacy, as well as caution, was necessary in her removal, to prevent suspicion. How it was effected Sabrina could not tell with respect to the lady Abbess; but certainly she parted from the poor victim with an indifference bordering on contempt; and on the fourteenth day from her first elopement she found herself in the house in Calabria.

To describe the various methods practised on her superstitious turn, and her natural gentleness, would characterise a duplicity and baseness which may hereafter be more fully elucidated; it is sufficient to say, that, from the moment the discovered his horrible designs, her detestation of the man, and the reproaches of an enlightened mind, were extreme. The imbecility which had favored Stephano's execrable art was no more. She could perceive the extent of her hopeless situation, but that perception was cursed with all the terrors incident to such a discovery. Torn from, or rather impelled by, the conjunctive effects of villanous sophistry and a credulous belief, the sweet association of maternal and conjugal duties—plunged into irremediable disgrace—and completely in the power of one who dared to veil his impious motives under the sacred cover of religion (a dreadful proof of his flagitious spirit), how was she to escape the mischief already closing about her, especially as the sincerity of her expostulations had already produced the cruellest threatenings of severe confinement.

For some months succeeding her flight from Leghorn she was permitted the liberty of wandering about the environs of her prison, but never till night had shrouded every distant object from her view. To account even for this liberty, it is proper to observe, that Stephano had suddenly withdrawn himself, leaving Durandor as no improper substitute. However, although perpetually watched by this treacherous delegate, she felt some satisfaction in gaining a considerable

suspension from the tortures of Stephano's brutish address, whose dreaded return produced an immediate renewal of his former conduct. Irritated at treatment so indignant, her once gentle spirit no longer submitted in silence to the degrading proposals she was condemned to hear. She freely and pointedly reproached his facillious views, placed in the most glaring light his vile, deceptive method of poisoning a ductile and innocent mind, tearing her from the bosom of a family who properly appreciated those qualities they were fond of encouraging. She was going on, when, seizing her arm with a violence she could not withstand, while his eyes gleamed with vindictive rage from beneath his rugged brow, he forcibly drew her to a flight of stairs that descended beneath the pavement of the great hall, and stopping a moment, as if to gather breath (for Sabrina did not easily submit to be thus cruelly dragged), he pointed to the dark and ruined steps, as if to warn her of some shocking evil yet to come. She trembled, and the more, when in a hollow under tone, he told her those stairs led to her GRAVE, unless she complied with the terms he had so often held out. "Determine, then," cried the monster. "Behold yon softened twilight shedding its mild influence around; enjoy the reviving evening breeze that gently waves those golden orange blossoms before yon opened casement: but, REMEMBER----" and he paused, as if to give his denunciation greater weight----"remember, unless your decision is in my favor, all the beauties of creation will from this hour be eternally shut from your senses----Deep----deep in the bowels of the earth shall be your abode----Fool, dost thou hesitate? Is the alternative so unconsequential?"

Sabrina did look into the horrible disclosure----she did cast an eager eye upon the lingering shades of evening----The golden blossoms perfumed with a grateful scent the extensive apartment; and again she dropped a frightened gaze upon the scene below.

"Speak," cried the wretch, shaking her shoulders with unfeeling roughness----"Will you comply?"

"NEVER!" answered Sabrina----"NEVER!"----and her tears began to stream----"But hear me, Stephano----FATHER, I would say----once thou wast my spirit's father----commissioned from the Most High with messages of grace and peace----I thought----but----nay, hear me----How, how have I deserved this? Nay----force me not below the confines of----Ah, Monster!----Monster! tear me not thus from light, and life, and hope!"

[To be continued.]

DIFFERENT EXPRESSIONS OF GRIEF.

IMMODERATE grief, it has been observed, is silent. On the contrary, when we are slightly affected, or affected only by the sufferings of others; our affliction is loquacious and complaining. This observation is finely illustrated by a story, recorded by Herodotus----Cambyzes, when he conquered Egypt, made Psammenitus, the King, prisoner; and, in order to try his constancy, ordered his daughter to be dressed in the habit of a slave, and to be employed in bringing water from the river: His son also was led to execution with a halter about his neck. The Egyptians vented their sorrow in tears and lamentations; Psammenitus only, with a downcast eye, remained silent. Afterwards, meeting one of his companions, a man advanced in years, who, being plundered of all, was begging alms, he wept bitterly, calling him by his name. Cambyzes, struck with wonder, demanded an answer to the following question: "Psammenitus, thy master Cambyzes is desirous to know why, after having seen thy daughter so ignominiously treated, and thy son led to execution, without exclaiming or weeping, thou shouldst be so deeply concerned for a poor man, no way related to thee?"----"Son of Cyrus," answered Psammenitus, "the calamities of my family are too great to leave me the power of weeping; but the misfortunes of a companion, reduced in his old age to want of bread, is a fit subject for lamentation."

ANECDOTE.

ON the death of King William, and the accession of Queen Anne to the British throne, a young clergyman, whose talents were purely evangetic, asked a friend what alterations were necessary to be made in reading the prayers of the church upon that occasion? His friend answered, No other than that where he said King before, he must now say Queen; and where he said Lord, he must say Lady. Our Levite went away well edified by his friend's instructions. The next Sunday, when he was reading divine service, and came to this prayer, "Almighty King of Kings, and Lord of Lords," he, with an audible voice, began, "Almighty Queen of Queens, and Lady of Ladies."

THE PROSPECT.

HOW sweetly opening with the blushing morn,
Yon purpled clouds earth's canopy adorn!
The glorious sun breaks forth to run his race,
And paints with radiant smiles all nature's face.
Hark! from the feather'd choir's harmonious throats,
How all around soft echoing music floats.

The waving corn now greets the ravis'd sight,
Wandering o'er fertile fields with fresh delight.
Thro' verdant valleys, groves, and flow'ry meads,
Now following where the winding current leads;
Whether with rapid stream the banks it chides,
Or gently flowing, smooth, and silent glides;
In wide expanse, or narrow'd thro' the trees;
Its silver surface ruffled with the breeze:

Which, rising from the west, on fragrant wings,
From herbs and flow'rs refreshing odours brings.
Th' enamel'd grounds, which rise in circuit wide,
Present their teeming banks in sunny pride.
Beyond the hill where that thick forest grows,
One more aspiring bends its awful brows.
Midst shading woods some lofty buildings stand,
Some from the sloping lawns a view command;
Where numerous flocks and herds, or grazing stray,
Or, fill'd, repose, or wanton skip and play:
Farms, villages, and seats, fly scatter'd round,
With orchards, groves, or parks, or gardens crown'd,
The found of bells from some high steeple twings;

With solemn music hill and valley rings:
The fancy seeks them, travelling o'er me plain,
Lost in pursuit, yet not pursues in vain:

For there another prospect far extends,
Doubtful, if sea or sky the landscape ends.

But gain'ring clouds o'er shade the darken'd plain,
And whistling winds foretell impending rain:

The sun withdraws his beams; thro' clouded skies
Darted oblique the pointed lightning flies!

To pious awe awakening hardihest souls,
Succeeding ev'ry flash, loud thunder rolls,
Then falls impetuous, rattling hail, or rain,
Whitening the hills, or flowing thro' the plain.

The storms abate in milder sprinkling show'rs;
The clouds disperse; the sky no longer low'rs:
High in the azure vault, with peaceful show,
Is turn'd the arch of Isis' painted bow:

The glittering sun darts down th' inviv'ning ray,
Reviving nature with returning day:
Whose face, like widows, after tears more bright,
Smiles, by reflected beams with double light.

ALBERT.

ELEGIAC ODE.

WHEN the stroke of the woodman had ceas'd in the vale,
And the sweet Philomela had finish'd her song,
A sage child of sorrow repeated his tale,
And sigh'd to the stream as it murmur'd along.

"I have seen the glad prospect which led me astray,
Change its lustre and fade like the tints of the morn;
I have seen the meridian splendor to-day,
But night has succeeded, and found me forlorn.

"I have seen as I pass'd, how the rose, blushing gay,
To the gale of the morning its bosom display'd;
I return'd----but its beauties had faded away,
And the pride of the morn, ere the evening, was dead.

"I have seen (O how lovely!) the maid of the dale,
Flush'd with health and with beauty triumphantly tread;
But alas! neither beauty nor health could avail,
For all that was lovely with LAURA is dead.

"How delusive is hope!--O how transient the stay
Of the sun-beam that gilds our terrestrial scene!
How short is the pleasure of man's brightest day,
And the blasts of misfortune how piercingly keen!

"How blank is the prospect, how gloomy the day,
Which is clouded with care, and o'er shadow'd with woe!
How dreary, unfocial, and cheerless the way,
Which the children of sorrow must wander below!

"Oh when shall the pilgrim arrive at his home,
And man to his parent in gladness return;
Oh! when shall our sorrows be lost in the tomb,
And the wretched forget with the wretched to mourn."

Thus nightly he sang, and the swains lov'd to hear,
For his accent was gentle and mild as the dew;
Till they dropp'd o'er his tale of misfortune a tear,
And shook from the world and the picture he drew.

INTREPIDITY.

FROM A LATE ENGLISH PRINT.

The following account of a defence of one man, against a band of robbers, is worthy of notice:

IN a village in the county of Lippe, the parsonage house was attacked by about forty men, who blocked up all the avenues, entered the kitchen window, and searched every apartment in the lower part of the house; but the principal attack was made by about twelve or fourteen men, on the parson's study. As soon as he heard that attempts were made to force open his door, he had recourse to a musket, charged and provided with a bayonet, and two pistols, calling at the same time after his servant, out of the window of his bed-chamber, when a voice commanded him to retire, otherwise he would be shot; but without making any reply, he fired off one of his pistols. He then went again to his study, the door of which being very strong, it was attempted to open with hatchets. Notwithstanding the clergyman had fired off another pistol through one of the holes that had been made in the door, his assailants persevered in their attempts to force it open. He perceived a number of persons armed with pistols, poles &c. one of whom seemed to command the rest, and at whose orders they had repeatedly discharged their fire arms. The clergyman continued to thrust his bayonet through the apertures, which so much enraged his assailants, that they swore he should die. It was of great advantage to him that the robbers were provided with lights, and that he himself was in the dark. He attempted to discharge his gun, but it misfired, and two other loaded pistols he was unable to find. He called again after his servant, but received no answer, and a second attack was made, and notwithstanding the wounds which some of them must have received from his bayonet, as appeared by the blood before his door, they continued their attempts of forcing his room with their hatchets, one of which flew into the room, passing the head of the besieged. This caused a pause, and a short consultation, during which the clergyman called out for assistance. The robbers then made a third attack, by throwing a stone about fifty pounds weight, and other heavy things against the door, the clergyman still defending himself with the bayonet. A pitchfork which they thrust through one of the openings, he obtained possession of, as well as several other things. The robbers had forced open a door of a room adjoining the parson's bed-chamber, but were unable to force the latter. The noise at length awakened a neighbor, who, calling out to know what was the matter, was answered by one of the robbers, "Nothing," and on repeating the enquiry, was fired at. Four persons who had guarded the servant, quitted their post, upon which he made his escape, but guns were discharged after him. The robbers now made their fourth and last attack upon the study, four or five men having brought the trunk of a tree, about ten feet long, with which they continued their attempts to force the door, and succeeded so far as to make an opening large enough for a person to enter, and obliged the parson to retreat to his bed-chamber, where he again entrenched himself, but no one attempted to enter his study, whither he again proceeded. At length he was happily relieved, by a sentry having informed the robbers, that they were in danger, upon which they extinguished their lights and took to flight. Many of the effects of this brave man were damaged, but very little carried off. His example shews what dangers may be encountered by a single person endowed with courage and presence of mind.

THE COUNTRY DANCE.

***** ON a spacious lawn, bounded on every side by a profusion of the most odoriferous flowering shrubs, a joyous band of villagers were assembled; the young men dressed in green; you h, health, and pleasure in their air, led up their artless charmers, in straw hats, adorned with the spoils of Flora, to the rustic sound of the tabor and pipe. Round the lawn, at equal intervals, were raised temporary arbors of branches of trees, in which refreshments were prepared for the dancers; and between the arbors, seats of moss for their parents, shaded from the sun by green awnings, on poles, round which were twined wreaths of flowers, breathing the sweets of the spring. The surprise, the gaiety of the scene, the flow of general joy, the sight of so many happy people, the countenances of the enraptured parents, who seem to live a new again, the sprightly season of youth in their children, with the benevolent look of the noble benefactors of the feast, filled my eyes with tears, and my swelling heart with a sensation of pure, yet lively transport, to which the joys of the country belles are mean,*****

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1800.

LATEST NEWS.

Captain Stanwood, arrived here on Thursday in ten days from St. Bartholomews, informs, that he left Martinique on the 1st of July, instant; that on the afternoon he sailed from thence, a British packet arrived there in 18 days from Falmouth, the Captain of which assured him, that on his passage he fell in with a British frigate, the Captain of which informed, that he was bound to the first port in England, with dispatches from Lord St. Vincents, stating, that the BREST FLEET WAS OUT, consisting of fifty-one sail of the line.

Captain Stanwood further informs, that on the day he sailed from St. Bartholomews (the 14th inst.) a French gentleman gave him a written article in French, which stated, that he had just received information from Point Petre, Gaudaloupe, of the arrival there of a French corvette, in 19 days from Bourdeaux; and that the news she brought is as follows:

"That the Negotiation between the American Commissioners and the French Republic had terminated amicably; all differences settled, and a PEACE concluded: That Gen. Buonaparte had arrived before Genoa, in time to relieve Gen. Massena; that Buonaparte had made prisoners of three fourths of the Austrian troops under command of Gen. Melas; that Italy was entirely in the possession of the French; and that the French Gen. Moreau, had, in a third battle, defeated the Austrian troops on the Rhine,"—and further, that orders had also arrived there by the corvette, prohibiting the capture of American vessels."

The above intelligence, so far as regards the relief of Genoa, is confirmed by the following extract of a letter which was received by a very respectable commercial house in this city Thursday morning from their correspondent at Salem, dated

Saturday morning, 19th July.

"Capt. Joseph Orne, in the Brigantine Essex, arrived last evening in 32 days from Gibraltar brings the pleasing intelligence that Massena is relieved. On the 18th May he made a sally from Genoa, and gained a complete victory over the Austrians, and routed the besiegers, killing, and making prisoners of a great many men. Genoa was never destitute of provisions, as it was supplied by boats from Barcelona and the Spanish coasts. The news may be relied on. Capt. Orne saw many of the wounded Officers."

From Boston, July 21.

"Letters were received in town on Saturday from Salem, which mention the arrival there of Capt. Orne, in 32 days from Gibraltar. It is said, that the accounts brought by Capt. Orne, that on Gen. Melas' withdrawing, the main body of his army from before Genoa, Massena made a violent sortie on the corps left to watch his motions, and entirely defeated them."

Captain Krohn, of the Hamburg ship Johanna, arrived at Charleston from Lisbon, in 38 days, relates, that two or three days before he sailed, the English frigate Flora arrived there, and gave the information of an engagement having happened off Cape Finisterre, between a United States ship, and a French 44 gun frigate, which continued three hours, and ended in the capture of the latter, and ordering her for Falmouth, England.

Seventeen of the convicts escaped from Philadelphia Jail on Tuesday, five only of whom have as yet been taken. It appears, that about two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, agreeable to a plan previously concerted, they rose from dinner, and, as usual, went to the privy, where, by some means, having removed an iron bar from under one of the apertures, they descended into the common sewer, which passes under the privy, and opens into the Potter's Field, and fourteen of them got off before the keepers had any suspicion of their design. As soon as the keepers discovered their flight, they immediately pursued, and caught three of them in the sewer, and two near the banks of the Schuylkill. Every possible search is now making after the rest.

The armed schooner Experiment, Captain Maley, in the service of the United States, has taken and sent into the Havana, the sloop Betsey, Captain Munro, belonging to Charleston, S. C. from the coast of Africa, bound to the Havana, (near which port she was taken,) with 80 Prime Slaves on board. We are informed that they consist prin-

cipally of boys and girls, in good health, and were intended for sale at the Havana.

It is not yet known what will be done with these unfortunate people, as the law, contemplating that the heavy penalties it imposes on those engaged in this inhuman traffic, would effectually put a stop to it, makes no provision for the wretched strangers, after they shall be brought to the United States.

We are sorry to add, from good authority, that great numbers of vessels from different ports of the United States are constantly engaged in this barbarous employment; and that it will require the utmost vigilance of government to abolish a practice so disgraceful to our country.

During the thunder storm on Sunday evening last, a barn belonging to Mr. Stephen Ward, of Bloomfield, N. J. was struck with lightning, and consumed immediately, with all its contents, consisting of five loads of grain, three loads of hay, together with some farming utensils. Notwithstanding the heavy rain that fell, the neighbors collected as soon as they perceived the flames, but were unable to preserve any thing, except a part of the frame after it fell. Several very heavy peals followed in quick succession, but we have not heard of any other damage being done in that neighborhood.

BALTIMORE, July 17.

On Tuesday evening a most daring and villainous plot was discovered at Fell's Point, to commit robberies to a very great amount on several warehouses at the end of the city. The following are the particulars:

A party, consisting of about eight persons, whose characters stood very fair in society, had concerted a plan, to open by means of false keys, the stores of Captain James Biays, and those under the care of W. L. Nichols, and to rifle them of their contents, consisting of West India and dry goods, to a very large amount. This plan was so well arranged, that the party chartered two bay crafts of about thirty tons each, for the purpose of conveying the goods to Norfolk—one of the vessels was loaded in the above manner, and set sail; the skipper of the other gave such information to Capt. Biays, that he was enabled, by the assistance of his fellow citizens, to secure the thieves, and commit four of them to prison.

A dispatch boat was immediately sent in quest of the one which had sailed, and last evening she was momentarily expected to be brought back, with her illegal cargo.

Extract of a letter from Mr. Patrick Tagert, to Andrew Eliacott, Esq. dated Cowetah Tallahassee, Creek Nation, June 11, 1800.

"St. Marks was surrendered to Bowles the 20th May last, and by the articles of capitulation between him and the commandant, the latter was permitted to march out, and with difficulty got an escort to see him and his men safe out of the Bay. During the siege, Bowles captured two or three vessels laden with provisions and other stores, for the use of the fort, just as they had arrived.

"Since Gen. Bowles got possession of St. Marks, the Indians are flocking to his standard from every quarter—even the Prince of this town, immediately after the Colonel [Col. Hawkins, Agent-General of the U. S.] had gone to the talks at the Tookawhatchees, started down to the mischief-maker, with many others of the Tallahassee, Cufftaha, &c. &c.

"The Colonel arrived here the night before last from the Tookawhatchees; the chiefs there have taken his talks, and have promised to hold their warriors in readiness to go with him at his call, and aid him with all their might in restoring peace to the nation, reducing the Semicoles and others to obedience, and expelling and taking every mischief-maker that comes into their land.

"Bowles's next design is suspected to be against Pensacola, as he has now got not only a strong force, but plenty of provisions and other stores."

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Augustine, to his friend in Savannah, Georgia, dated June 24th, 1800.

"This place is at present in a confused state of alarm—yesterday a party of Indians, (said to be sent by Bowles) came within half a mile of this town, and killed a man at work in his field, scalped him, and partly burned him, and mangled him in a horrid manner. In two hours after the black General and his company went in pursuit of the savages, and this morning a troop of horse under the command of Capt. Solana set out likewise. The distresses of the country inhabitants are very alarming, and God only knows where they will end.

COURT of HYMEN.

HAIL, holy flame! divine effulgence, hail!
Pure as the virgin blush of breezy morn,
Mild as the fanning of the vernal vale,
Sweet as the dew drop on the mountain thorn.

MARRIED.

At Philadelphia, by the Rev. Bishop Carroll, Mr. CHARLES CARROLL, jun. son of the Hon. Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, (Maryland) to Miss HARRIET CHREW, daughter of the Hon. Benj. Chew, of that city.

On Saturday the 18th inst, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. JOHN WALKER, of this city, to Miss MARGARET M. DONALD, of New-Jersey.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Linn, Mr. NICHOLAS HORNE, to Miss MARGARET LEFORT, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Pilmore, Capt. JOSEPH BOYER, of New-Providence, to Mrs. EMMA LEWIS, of this city.

MORTALITY.

"Sure, 'tis a serious thing to die!"

DIED.

On Sunday morning last, of a cholera morbus, at a quarter past ten o'clock, in the 45th year of his age, the Rev. BARTHOLOMEW AUGUSTINE McMAHON, A. B. Assistant Pastor of St. Peter's church in this city.

FOREIGN DEATHS.

On Tuesday the 31st December, 1799, at Abloville, in the Department of the Lower Seine, (France) where he had lived in great retirement, and in a state bordering on want, the celebrated M. MARMONTEL, author of Belshazzar, Moral Tales, and other literary performances. He died of an apoplexy.

In France, in great poverty, M. GUILLEMAIN, who knew eleven languages, was a tutor of astronomy, history, geography and navigation, and author of 523 farces and small theatrical pieces.

In England, the celebrated MALLET DU PAN.

SONNET TO AFFECTION.

THOU pensive fondness! given to form the heart
To sympathy and love; to whom I owe
A sea of pleasure in this vale below;
Save some few swelling waves, which beat apart
On life's rough craggy shore to cumbrous care
Consign'd; AFFECTION! hail, serenely chaste!
Thou who MATILDA's soul has highly grac'd
With pathos pure as heavenly minds could share;
Thou who, exulting o'er her tender breast,
Thy genial radiance pour'd'st with lustre bright,
As when fair Cynthia, empress of the night,
(Exhausted nature sunk to silent rest,)
Sheds o'er the world her silver-vested ray,
Whilst round her orb unnumber'd beauties play.

NOTICE

IS hereby given to the public, that the subscribers have taken the FERRY from Long-Island to Catharine-Slip, (commonly called the NEW FERRY)—And whereas it has been very much neglected heretofore, the public may now rely on the strictest attention on both sides, by

STANTON and WATERBERRY.

New-York, May 10.

or if

A MORNING SCHOOL.

FROM 6 till 8, A. M. where YOUNG LADIES who wish to improve in Reading, English Grammar, Elocution, Writing, Arithmetic, the Elements of Astronomy and Geography, the use of the Globes and Maps, will have the strictest attention paid to their instruction, by the subscriber, at his Seminary for Young Ladies, no. 91 Beekman-street.

GAD ELY.

Sold at No. 3 Peck-Slip, by APPOINTMENT,

The True and Genuine

Dr. ANDERSON'S

Famous Scots Pills.



COURT of APOLLO.

SONG.

TO-MORROW, OR THE PROSPECT OF HOPE.

IN the downfall of life, when I find I'm declining,
May my fate no less fortunate be
Than a long elbow chair can afford for reclining,
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea.
With an ambling pad pony to pace o'er the lawn
While I carol away idle sorrow;
And blith as the lark that each day hails the morn,
Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade too,
As the sunshine or rain may prevail;
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
With a barn for the use of the flail;
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow;
I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,
Nor what honors may wait him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
Secured by a neighboring hill;
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly
By the sound of a murmuring rill;
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow;
With my friends, will I share, what to-day may afford,
And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail covering,
Which I've worn for three score years and ten;
On the brink of the grave I'll not seem to keep hovering,
Nor with my thread wish to spin o'er again;
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count wrinkle and furrow;
As this old worn-out fluff which is thread-bare to-day,
May become everlasting to-morrow.

HARDWARE ADVERTISEMENT, TO BE SAID OR SUNG.

CROSS-CUT saws and hand saw files,
As many as you please, sirs;
Hammers too, all very new,
And Buttons for your sleeves sirs.

Razors and Scissors of good stuff,
With Candlesticks and Knives, sirs;
Bottles neat, that smell right sweet,
Suitable for your wives sirs.

Britannia ware, that will with care
Stand by you all your lives, sirs;
Toasting-racks, and pins in packs,
With glasses for your eyes, sirs.

Watch-chains rare, some made of hair,
With seals and keys of brass, sirs;
Assorted all, both great and small,
That they might better pass, sirs.

Locks, keys, Buckles for knees,
With pocket-books and purses,
Half pint jacks, and cast tin'd tacks,
And good elastic Trusses.

ANECDOTE.

THE Lord Bishop of Durham, whose revenues are about 30,000*l.* sterling a year, has published a receipt to make SOUP!

The Bishop of London, who, poor man, has not above a third of that income, has generously presented the public with a receipt to make YEAST!

These surprising instances of liberality and benevolence have called forth the following tribute of applause in a London paper:

Good Durham gives receipts for SOUP,
Good London for good YEAST,
But which good Lord gives BEEF or FLOUR
To make the little feast!

MORALIST.

"Commune with thyself, O MAN! and consider wherefore thou wast made!"

SO few are the pleasures we enjoy in the present state of our existence; and those few so short in their duration, and trivial in their nature, that numbers, sickened of life, and unable to comprehend the design of their creation, are tempted to question the benevolence of its Author; but certain it is, that the sources of most of our miseries may be traced in the perversion of moral and even rational principle in others and ourselves—and equally certain it is, that we enjoy infinitely less than we might. The moralizing observer on the actions of man, exclaims, "Miserable victim of delusion! while thou considerest wealth as the only standard of merit, and aggrandizement the only source of happiness, thou art neglecting, in thy pursuit, the finer feelings of thy nature, till by inaction or counteraction they become totally extinct; while with a childish and idiotic absurdity of pursuit thou art pining to grasp the vivid colors of the rainbow; and to reach the spot where the earth and skies meet, thou art suffering the roses and bluebeas which embroider thy path, in the spring of life, to wait their sweets unnoticed and ungathered. Slave to that world thou affectest to despise! thy boasted courage will not allow thee to think for thyself, and though certainty of happiness should court thee with the friend of thy youth in a cottage, I hear thee exclaim in agonizing perplexity—'What will the world say?'"

NEW NOVELS

For sale by John Harrison, Peck-Slip.

Horrors of Oakendale Abbey, Charlotte Temple, Emilia d' Varmont, or the Necessary Divorce, Alexis, or the Cottage in the Woods, Louise, the lovely Orphan, or the Cottage on the Moor, Ambrose and Eleanor, Sorrows of Werter, Galatea, a Pastoral Romance, (by M. Cervantes) Paul and Virginia, an Indian Story, Two Cousins, Ambrosio, or the Monk, by M. G. Lewis, Esq; Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne, The Coquette, Children of the Abbey, Wieland, or the Transformation, Ormond, or the Secret Witnesses, Tom Jones, Letters of Charlotte, during her connexion with Werter, Camilla, Romance of the Forest, The Italian, Evelina, Paul and Mary, Young Widow, The Nun, Nature and Art, Gonfalso of Cordova, Arundal, Haunted Priory, Memoirs of a Baroness, Pamela, Simple Story, Man of the World, Fatal Follies, Inquisitor, or Invisible Rambler, Fool of Quality, Mysteries of Udolpho, Myrtle Cottage, Select Stories, Count Roderick's Castle, Female Constancy, Edward, Madame d' Barnevelt, Sutton Abbey, Zeluco, Maurice, Audley Fortescue, Prince of Brittany, Caroline of Lichtfield, Baron Trench, Man of Feeling, Telemachus, Citizen of the World, Sentimental Journey, Roderick Random, Haunted Cavern, a Caledonian Tale, Julia Benson, Vicar of Wakefield, Gabrielle de Vergey, Netley Abbey, a Gothic Story, Perfidious Guardian,

Washington's Letters, Volney's Ruins, Aesop, Campbell's Journey overland to India, Junius's Letters, Cowper's Translation of Homer, American Spectator, Flowers of Modern Travels, Goldsmith's England, Volney's Travels, Pope's Homer, Night Thoughts, Johnson's Rambler, Zimmerman on Solitude, Goldsmith's Animated Nature, Thomson's Seasons, Winterbotham's America, Cook's Voyages, Columbian Muse, Godwin's Political Justice, Mrs. Rowe's Letters, Pleasing Instructor, The Hive, Milton's Works, A Father's Instructions, Miscellany, Elegant Miscellanies, Flowers of History, Freneau's Poems, Humphrey's Works, Jefferson's Notes, Johnson's Lives of the Poets, Gibson's Surveying, Jones's System of Book-Keeping, Morse's Geography, &c. &c. &c.

THOMAS PEDLEY,

Perfumer and Hair Dresser,

Respectfully informs the public that he continues his business at no. 219 Water-street, near Crane-Wharf, where he has for sale, just from London, a complete assortment of Perfumery, and Ladies Braids of all sizes and colours. Gentlemen's Wigs and Sculps made on the shortest notice.

Free Masonry.

JUST PUBLISHED,

and for sale by J. Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip,

THE SPIRIT OF MASONRY:

Or, the Morality and Practice of Free-Masonry.

Illustrated and explained in fourteen Lectures, by Wm. Hutchinson, Master of the Lodge of Concord, Barnard Castle, England.

SANCTIONED BY THE GRAND LODGE.

This work is highly deserving the approbation of Masons, and very necessary for them to possess: it is one of those guides to perfection in the duties of their calling, which every person desirous of valuable information, will find his interest in consulting.

THE MARYLAND ARMYMAN REZON,

OR
FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS:

CONTAINING,

The History of Masonry, from the establishment of the Grand Lodge to the present time; with their ancient Charges, Addresses, Prayers, Lectures, Prologues, Epilogues, Songs, &c. collected from their old Records, faithful Traditions, and Lodge Books.

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JACHIN and BOAZ:

OR,

AN AUTHENTIC KEY TO THE DOOR

OF

Free Masonry,

BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.

Calculated not only for the instruction of every new made Mason; but also for the information of all who intend to become Brethren.

UNPARALLELED SUFFERINGS

OF

JOHN COUSTOS,

Who nine times underwent the most cruel TORTURES ever invented by man, And sentenced to the Galley four years, by command of the INQUISITION at LISBON.

In order to extort from him the SECRETS OF FREE-MASONRY.

From whence he was released by the gracious interposition of his late Majesty George III.

Mrs. SAUNDERS

Has removed her MILINARY from No. 13 to No. 121 William-street, (the house lately occupied by Mr Benjamin I. Moore) where her customers and others may be supplied as usual, with the following articles, on the lowest terms, viz. Straw Trimmings, Silk and Cotton Gimps and Trimmings, Frogs and Ruffs for Ladies Gowns, Silk and Cotton Girdles for the waist—with a general assortment of Milinary as usual. N.B. Two or three Apprentices wanted to the above business. May 3. 1800.

JOHN WESSELS, LOOKING GLASS FRAME MAKER,

No. 12 Barclay-street, near the Roman Chapel,

Has for sale, an assortment of the most fashionable Looking Glasses, with mahogany frames, which he will sell on the most reasonable terms. April 5, 1800. 97 17

MINIATURE PAINTING.

MR. PARISEN respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen, that, from his late improvement in that art, and the great success he has had in the likenesses he has lately taken, he will engage to draw the most perfect likenesses, and finely painted in miniature. Should any of his pictures not prove properly satisfactory in regard to the likeness or painting, Mr. P. will request no compensation for his trouble. Profiles, and all kinds of hair devices, neatly executed. No 25a William-street. 04 17

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No. 3 Peck-Slip.

[One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.]